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ABSTRACT

This volume on reading and teaching the novel contains six articles: "Close Reading: The Novel in the Senior School" by S. E. Lee discusses the advantages of rereading and analytical reading in high school; "Teaching 'The Great Gatsby'" by David Mallick discusses the difficulties of teaching this novel and provides a lesson plan; "The Operation of the Imagery in 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles'" by Wilma J. Toop discusses the three parallel sets of imagery in this Hardy novel; "On Reading 'A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man'" by S. E. Lee is a study guide which includes biographical facts, a guide to the first reading, a discussion of symbolism, a discussion of the use of language, point-of-view, narration, theme, and irony in Joyce's novel; "George Orwell's 'Nineteen Eighty-Four'" by Marjorie Aldred discusses Orwell's life as well as the novel; and "Persuasion" by Margaret Little primarily discusses several Jane Austen novels. (TS)

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Reading and Teaching the Novel

Volume 3

Edited by [redacted]

ROSLYN M. ARNOLD

for

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CLOSE READING - THE NOVEL IN THE SENIOR SCHOOL

(Notes for a talk to the E T.A. on Thursday, 21st February, 1973)

- S.E. Lee

The "literary experience" for senior school pupils with aptitude for English - that is those attempting the H.S.C. at Levels 1 or 11 - might be thought about as involving two kinds of reading activity.

First there is the broad perspective: reviewing the book or play as a whole and arriving at conclusions concerning its "significances", "meanings", ostensible "themes" and the rest. For discussions here the student would need to think about the work as an artistic whole, to perceive the patterns, movements rhythms and see how they give the work shape and beauty. This is the student's "view of the novel as a whole" which examination questions ask about. Here I'd imagine close discussions, teachers' guide questions, discriminating of reading the conflicting views of some of the better critics (e.g. Burrows and Trilling on Jane Austen) would all combine to open up the work for the student - to suggest significances, connections and depths his own unassisted reading would not have encompassed. One would hope then as a result of all these influences, and especially of his own commonsense checking against the text itself, the student would arrive at an interpretation that had integrity for him. That is, one that he believed in, because it was consistent with his own knowledge of the text, and one that represents a synthesis of ideas that have come to him from fellow students, teacher, critics and the rest. (To adapt Coleridge: *"The mind dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to recreate".)* From my experience as examiner I would say that a great deal of useful work along these lines does go on in classrooms, my main criticisms being that instead of arriving at the synthesis I have talked about, students tend to adopt a particular party - or school-line and dish up some critic-inspired theory as their own "honest interpretations". Occasionally the reverse happens, and a student adopts an aberrant line because of what I.A. Richards has described as "doctrinal adhesions"; that is, he reads into the text an interpretation that satisfies his own prejudices or predilections. For example, the candidates who see Cabban as a prototype victim of colonialism whose "civil rights have been seriously infringed" and then desert the text to expand on the plight of the Negro in America, the aborigine in Australia, the peasant in Vietnam and the rest.

But what I'm mainly concerned about here is the second kind of activity: close reading. I think that basic in the literary experience is what goes on between reader and writer as the student sits at his desk or stretches out on a bed 'processing' the words on the page. This is essentially a private and personal experience: the more inter-action the richer the reading experience. The good reader will be imaging the life that is being dramatized or enacted by the author's words, responding as any human of sensitivity would to the humour, terror, pathos or joy they embody. Further, particularly in a second or third reading, he will be relating what he is reading presently to what has gone before and what he knows is to come; and of course testing all the time his broad interpretation of the books (the "main concerns") against the text: "Does this incident support or refute or modify what we said in class?" sort of thing.

I don't see how we can argue that the student is responding in a literary way unless he enters the text imaginatively (to use Burton's phrase), that is, responds positively as he contemplates the life imaged for him on page. If all he is capable of is mugging up the generalizations, or seeing them applied to the few passages gone over in class, then the candidate in my opinion should not be sitting at Levels I or II. To test whether he is of Level I or II standard, that is, capable of elementary close reading, the examiner frequently selects a passage which he hopes would not have been treated in class and asks the candidate to say what appears to be going on in the quoted passage, and how the specifics here are related to the work as a whole.

I think many teachers seriously underestimate what 17-18-year-old students can do in this respect. In the centres where linguistic analysis of the text is obviously a classroom practice, both in language and literature lessons, students handle this kind of exercise very well indeed. However, in cases where (one suspects) generalized discussion is the staple they flounder badly. Generally a student unskilled or inexperienced in close reading will look for a key word or image or incident that links up with the prepared general answer (or interpretation) and off the thing comes pat in about five pages of carefully rehearsed prose. What is lacking is any real attempt to show *how* the quoted words work to embody or enact or dramatise the purported thematic significance attributed to them. Such things as tone (e.g. irony) humour, style, image, symbol, syntax, punctuation and the rest that most candidates accept as part of the poetic experience are not seen to operate in a piece of prose or a a speech from *Lear*. My belief is that just as the candidate prepares for his unseen poem by doing a great deal of this close reading with a variety of poems, so he should prepare for his novel questions by closely analyzing a number of passages in class, in written assignments and off his own bat. Mr Gaskell has said that over the year up to twelve (with a minimum of eight) lessons might be allocated to a novel like *Huck Finn*. I would imagine that a Level I or II candidate should have read the text carefully without recourse to critics or study guides before the first lesson. I would advocate that all lessons should involve some close reading, especially at Level I. Generalizations could emerge from the close readings and discussions, not be imposed didactically. The student should then read the book through again (his reading enriched by the discussion) alert to nuances and concerns, that may have escaped him in the first reading, but now emerge for him because of the class discussions and exercises. Then, just before the examination, he should freshen up by selective readings from the text, perhaps of marked passages. Unless the candidate is prepared to work like this, once again I say he should not be attempting the higher level papers.

To illustrate from last year's H.S.C. Here is the question on *Huck Finn*.

In what way does the following passage from *Huckleberry Finn* illuminate the main concerns of the novel?

> *Then he showed us another little job he'd printed and hadn't charged for, because it was for us. It had a picture of a runaway nigger, with a bundle on a stick, over his shoulder, and '$200 reward' under it. The reading was all about Jim, and just described him to a dot. It said he run away from St Jacques's plantation, forty mile below New Orleans, last winter, and likely went north, and whoever would catch him and send him back, he could have the reward and expenses.*

'Now,' says the duke, 'after tonight we can run in the day-time if we want to. Whenever we see anybody coming, we can tie Jim hand and foot with a rope, and lay him in the wigwam and show this handbill and say we captured him up the river, and were too poor to travel on a steamboat, so we got this little raft on credit from our friends and are going down to get the reward. Handcuffs and chains would look still better on Jim, but it wouldn't go well with the story of us being so poor. Too much like jewellery. Ropes are the correct thing - we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards.'

We all said the duke was pretty smart, and there couldn't be no trouble about running day-times. We judged we could make miles enough that night to get out of reach of the pow-wow we reckoned the duke's work in the printing office was going to make in that little town - then we could boom right along, if we wanted to.

We laid low and kept still, and never shoved out till nearly ten o'clock; then we slid by, pretty wide away from the town, and didn't hoist our lantern till we was clear out of sight of it.

When Jim called me to take the watch at four in the morning, he says:

'Huck, does you reck'n we gwyne to run across any mo' kings on dis trip?'
'No,' I says, 'I reckon not.'
'Well,' he says, 'dat's all right, den. I doan' mine one er two kings, but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain' much better.'

I found Jim had been trying to get him to talk French, so he could hear what it was like; but he said he had been in this country so long, and had so much trouble, he'd forgot it.

Some of the observations perceptive candidates make include:

1. A comment on the humour of the first sentence (not "charging" for the bill), referring briefly to the circumstances of the illicit printing and to other similar examples of this kind of unconscious humour. (e.g. Huck, having ducked under the circus tent, saying that the "bully" circus could have his custom any time. (See 1971 question.)

2. A comment on how the attitudes towards Jim come through. For example, Huck's unconscious use of the word "nigger" and his accepting that the Duke was "pretty smart" devising the indignities perpetrated on the less than human nigger.

3. Some note of the quality of language or dialect used by each character.

4. a) Huck's boyish enthusiasm and innocence conveyed by the way he uses words, for example, "the reading (for writing, c.f. "learn" for "teach") was all about Jim *and just described him to a dot* (note the wonder and admiration in this last phrase) "celebration of the river" isn't an inert thing: it is felt in his language as he describes the business of navigating the raft: "We laid low, and *never shoved out* till nearly ten o'clock: then we *slid* by, *pretty wide away* from the town ..." Or "then we could *boom right along* if we wanted to". Also, note the sense of freedom on the raft ("if we wanted to"); and the fear and aversion for the town, whose corrupt values and menace

the Duke and King represent ("We laid low and kept still".....etc.)

b) Duke plans the deception in his staccato business-like sentences ("Too much like jewellery. Ropes are the correct thing - we must preserve the unities, as we say on the boards".) His jargon as well as establishing the kind of man he is, incidentally has some ironic point. He talks about preserving the three (tragic) unities; and assumes the pose of professional actor. Ironically, of course, what is being inflicted on Huck, and Jim especially, is 'terrifying' and 'pitiful' in the Aristotlean sense though not perceived as such by the cast, least of all by Jim. Some reference might be made to the burlesque acting of *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, the latter just after a real life love-feud has caused the slaughter of Buck and his family.

c) Jim establishes himself as a realized individual through his native vernacular or characteristic speech; also, as a *man* with a maturer knowledge of life than Huck ("I don't mind one or two kings but dat's enough. Dis one's powerful drunk, en de duke ain' much better.")

4. In discussing the "main concerns" students can refer to such things as:

the inhuman treatment of slaves; the degraded "sivilization" represented by the town and the Nonesuch rapscallions;
the illusions of the protagonists as against the realities perceived by the reader;
the deceptions and lies that dominate the passage (include dressing-up for parts; theatrical imagery);
the Tom Sawyerish concern by Duke and King to follow "the best authorities" (slaves of convention);
Twain's contempt for feudal trappings (the assumption of aristocratic titles by knaves) and their petty aspirations to culture (pretending to talk French);
Jim's humanity and selflessness (he does the watch till four in the morning);
and of course Huck's pervasive personality as it comes to us in his lively colloquial language.

This is not an exhaustive catalogue; nor of course would examiners expect candidates to write on all or even most of the issues raised in note form here in the forty minutes he has to read, think about, plan and write up his essay. But the candidate who works close to the quoted text, quotes from it and works out towards other parts of the book to show that what is "going on" in this passage is also a "main concern" of the book as a whole, scores well. The candidate who gives a potted account of the "main concerns" and then looks at the passage saying that this concern appears to be covered, that one not, doesn't do as well. The candidate who writes a general essay on the book (sometimes prefaced: "This passage doesn't deal with the main concerns which are ....") does poorly.

Teaching the novel or play then is a demanding business. A poem because of its brevity is neatly encapsulated for class discussion. A novel or play sprawls over the lesson boundaries and can't be "done" in class, as a unit. Much has to be left to private study and reading. But if through guided questioning a teacher can challenge young students to read books with all

antennae out, he is not just preparing them to "beat the examiner"; he is giving them a skill that will enrich their reading of literature in all its manifestations, going some way towards achieving the syllabus's aim of producing active, responsive, discriminating readers - not "critics" but "readers' with cultivated literary taste.

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TEACHING *THE GREAT GATSBY*

- D. Mallick

Two of the major difficulties in teaching the senior novel are (i) how to introduce some variety of approach into the two weeks spent on the novel and (ii) how to encourage the class to come to grips personally with the meaning of the novel before being influenced by the teacher's views or by critical reading.

There could be three main stages:-

(a) A time in which they grapple with the novel in small groups, each group being given some ideas and questions to guide them.

(b) A time when the teacher does most of the directing of the lessons, making more explicit or questioning some of the points made, linking together some of the ideas, drawing on a wider knowledge of literature and life, and giving his own views on the novel.

(c) A time when the various pieces are brought together in critical reading and through an assignment.

PLAN - A twelve (12) lesson fortnight could be divided:-

1. 1 lesson. Because of the symbolic richness of this novel there could be an introductory talk on how a novel "means". (What did E.M.Forster mean when when he wrote that the story is not the most important part of the novel?)

Reference can be made to novels (and films) that most of the students will have read (or seen) by 6th Form.

Lord of the Flies - children in a barbarous state and the need for education and guidance.

The Old Man and the Sea - the story of a man battling with a fish but what is the significance of the final scene of the old man lying stretched on the beach with his bloodied hands outstretched.

Huckleberry Finn - the story of a boy's adventures but what of the contrasts in the freedom of the river and the corruption of society on land.

Reference could be made to various films making social and political comment - Easy Rider, Catch 22, Cabaret, Zabriskie Point.

11. 3 lessons. Divide the class into 4 (?) groups. Each group is given a major theme in the novel to discuss. In this way each student is reading the novel closely and pursuing a particular idea.

(a) The novel concerns a deep spiritual longing which cannot be achieved because it is based on shabby personal lives
   - What is Gatsby's background?
   - The parties. How does Fitzgerald portray the parties and the people at them?
   - What is Wolfsheim's relationship with Gatsby?
   - How do you see Gatsby's love for Daisy?

(b) The novel concerns people without consciences.
- What is the background of Daisy
  Tom
  Gatsby?
- How do each of them act under stress?
- How do people behave at the parties?
- Is there only corruption at these parties?

What does Nick mean "by the foul dust that floated in the wake of Gatsby's dreams"?

(c) How many times do the following images occur in the novel? Are they important in the novel? If so how?
- The green light
- Dr Eckleberg
- The Valley of the Ashes. How does the physical world of the Wilsons contrast with the worlds of the Buchanans and Gatsby?

(d) What do you mean by "maturity"? Does the novel involve a growth to maturity? Who matures? What happens to Nick at the end? Has he changed from the person in the first chapter? How do we last see Tom and Daisy? What is Nick's final word on them? Is it just?

III. 3 lessons

Each group reports back to the full class, prepared with notes etc. The group leads the discussion on its ideas.

IV. 3 lessons

The teacher takes a leading role in leading the class by giving his own ideas, bringing various threads together etc.

V . 2 lessons

Work in the library on an assignment.

The Great Gatsby concerns the withering of a dream (the American dream?) What is the dream? It concerns the limitless possibilities of life, with Gatsby stretching out after the green light representing that ultimate goal. But this spirituality - love, humility, sacrifice - is based on dollar bills, gaudy shirts and empty parties. Gatsby's dream is made up of love and money. We are meant to admire the dream which forces Gatsby on but are constantly reminded of the shabby foundations on which it is laid and the hollow creature at whom it is aimed. The America of that time with powerful corrupt people like the Buchanans and the ash-heaps of the Wilsons had no time for the spirituality of a Gatsby.

Gatsby's dream is fine but a spirituality must be based on intelligence and realism (the two qualities that Nick could have supplied) and his dream begins to fray because it clashed with reality - the hard metallic world of the Buchanans. He is finally foiled on that hot afternoon when Daisy cannot admit that she has never loved Tom. In face of this sensible realism, Gatsby is "broken up like glass."

The novel acts out the tragedy of the American dream. It is acted out in Gatsby himself. He is the personification of the dream, a spiritual force in

contact with a generation of brutal people. A mythical figure, he forever remains shadowy and insubstantial. He sprang from "his Platonic conception of himself. He was a Son of God - a phrase which if it means anything, means just that - and he must be about his father's business." Take the scene where he wishes his guests goodbye where we see the difference between illusion and reality: "A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell." What scene was the God-like figure standing over? The grotesque comedy of a drunk insisting that he can drive a car with an amputated steering wheel.

What is the world in which the dream is striving to become incarnate? It is the world of the Buchanans; the ash-heap; the Wilsons and the parties.

Note the paragraph cataloguing the names of the guests. The list and the occasional comment pictures American fortunes and shabby American destinies. There is a significant poetical quality about the list, ending dreamily in the phrase - "all these people came to Gatsby's house in that summer."

There are the Buchanans. Tom, who can ruthlessly raise fortunes and remain hollow and cruel. How quickly does Fitzgerald picture the emptiness - "Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical egotism no longer nourished his peremptory heart". And the cruelty - "It was a body capable of enormous leverage - a cruel body" and "making a short deft movement, Tom Buchanan broke his nose with his open hand". Let Nick have the final word on the Buchanans - "I couldn't forgive or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy - they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made . . . "

There is the constant symbol of the ash-heap, a short distance only from the Buchanan luxury and Gatsby's dream. It is the horror backdrop to the whole tragedy with those staring, vacant, terrible eyes of Dr Eckleberg, with the "ash grey men who stumble about the heap - and with George Wilson's cry - "you may fool me but you can't fool God."

So what does the novel mean? It embodies Gatsby's hope for the future - twinkling and delicate, surrounded by all that is ugly. The green light promises a golden future - but what of the present? Nothing but shabby materialism, corruption, death and murder? We have the Buchanans in their conspiratorial hollowness, and Nick - leaving with nothing *gained* but a sad maturity.

(Reprinted from E.T.A. *Newsletter*, April, 1973)

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THE OPERATION OF THE IMAGERY IN *TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES*

- Wilma J. Toop

The most superficial reading of *Tess of the d'Urbervilles* will reveal the existence of three parallel sets of imagery which are obviously operating on the level of interpretation of the novel's content. I refer, of course, to the specifically Christian chain of images, the pagan-classic chain, and those images which identify Tess as a small driven animal whose final, and in terms of the novel, logical ending is on the sacrificial alter of Stonehenge - the sacrificial knife suffering a transformation into the hangman's noose.

It appears to me that these sets of images highlight certain unresolved aspects of Hardy's thought - that Hardy did not, in fact, quite reconcile the intellectual and instinctive content of his novel, with the result that the images create an uncomfortable ambiguity. Obviously, they illuminate his expressed intention; but there exists a gap between this intention and what he actually achieved.

I would take that expressed intention to be incorporated in the ironic final paragraph of the novel:

> *"Justice" was done, and the President of the Immortals, in Aeschylean phrase, had ended his sport with Tess. . .*

Tess in this view, is the helpless victim of the gods. This is not opposed to the hunted animal image established by such references as that on p.249* *"But she was surcharged with emotion, and winced like a wounded animal"*, or p.312, *"there was something of the habitude of the wild animal in the unreflecting instinct with which she rambled on"*, or the iconographic scene on p.314-15 where Tess identifies with the ruthlessly slaughtered pheasants, or finally, where she is lying upon the sacrificial stone: *"her breathing now was quick and small, like that of a lesser creature than a woman"*.

This set of images can be accepted as a link between the Christian images and the pagan if one takes them as logically ending on the altar stone. The living sacrifice can be envisaged in relation to either. But one is at this point brought fact to face with a dichotomy in Hardy's thinking. The whole weight of the novel is behind the pathetic inquiry of Tess -

> *"Did they sacrifice to God here?" asked she.*
> *"No," said he.*
> *"Who to?"*
> *"I believe to the sun. That lofty stone set away by itself is the direction of the sun, which will presently rise behind it."*
> *"This reminds me, dear," she said. "You remember you never would interfere with any belief of mine before we were married? But I knew your mind all the same, and I thought as you thought - not from any reasons of my own, but because you thought so. Tell me now, Angel, do you think we shall meet again after we are dead? I want to know."*
> *He kissed her to avoid a reply at such a time.*
> *"O, Angel - I fear that means no!" said she, with a suppressed sob.*

"And I wanted so to see you again - so much, so much! What - not even you and I, Angel, who love each other so well?"

Like a greater than himself, to the critical question at the critical time he did not answer; and they were again silent.

And so Tess's expanding experience inexorably ends in dissolution. Yet one would think it self-evident that a human sacrifice pre-supposed an afterlife, whether in Christian or pagan terms.

There is through the novel a continuous interweaving of the Christian and pagan sets of images. Our first glimpse of Tess taking part as a young girl in the Mayday clubwalking ironically combines debased pagan fertility ritual with the Christian symbolism of the white dresses, the images operating strongly to define the dual elements of Tess's personality - her latent sensuality and her innocence. They operate just as strongly to define the terms of her tragic experience. She is first sexually violated by the pagan sensualist, Alec, then spiritually by the high principled Angel Clare.

Although Tess is explicitly defined as Magdalene on p.153:

The mixed, singular, luminous gloom in which they walked along together to the spot where the cows lay, often made him think of the Resurrection hour. He little thought that the Magdalen might be at his side.

She is more consistently seen in the early chapters as a kind of prelapsarian Eve; in fact, right throughout the novel the Eve image closely defines her role:

She was no longer the milkmaid, but a visionary essence of woman - a whole sex condensed into one typical form. (153)

Angel Clare appears to be doubling the role of Adam and Christ. This at least would appear to be Hardy's conscious intention yet there is an ambiguity about this character which seems to be the result of Hardy's instinctive rejection of him rather than of conscious irony.

From the first introduction of Alec his diabolic role is subtly defined by the surrounding imagery of primeval forests, the smoke issuing from his lips, the strawberries he presses into Tess's mouth, etc., etc. It becomes blatantly overt when he appears at a later stage in the book illuminated by firebeams and with fork in hand. (391)

At this stage one is struck with the suspicion that Hardy has embarked upon a retelling of the Edenic myth. Logically this would lead either to hopes of redemption or at least to a Miltonic resolution that a tried and re-established virtue is of more value than untested innocence. But Hardy seems to have resisted the implications of his Christian images. There can be no redemption for Tess under the nineteenth century criminal code, nor can Angel offer her any hope of an afterlife. What Hardy does offer us is an inartistic addendum, which, however, strongly reasserts the Christian Imagery. 'Liza-Lu is suddenly presented to us in the role of a spiritualised image of Tess. The vagueness of the language unconsciously offers judgment - 'Liza-Lu bears no convincing relationship either to Tess's experience or to the Christian frame of reference. She belongs in actual fact to the intellectual thesis imposed on the story and is not part of the poetic life of the novel. Yet the book ends on a strongly Christian note. The final paragraph, initially quoted, continues -

> *. . . The two speechless gazers bent themselves down to the earth, as if in prayer, and remained thus a long time, absolutely motionless: the flag continued to wave silently. As soon as they had strength they arose, joined hands again, and went on.*

The last sentence clearly echoes the close of *Paradise Lost*.

I have already suggested that the pagan-classic chain of images exists both to define Tess's character and her experience. She is both Artemis and Demeter (p. 153):

> *She had an attribute which amounted to a disadvantage just now; and it was this that caused Alec d'Urberville's eyes to rivet themselves upon her. It was a luxuriance of aspect, a fulness of growth, which made her appear more of a woman than she really was.*

More strongly, it functions to define her true environment. The dairymaids and men of Talbothays dairy are localised versions of figures from Greek pastoral - "nymphs and swains" (183). There Angel Clare experienced "the aesthetic, sensuous, pagan pleasure in natural life"; there he fell in love with Tess, the Demeter figure. To apply nineteenth century sexual morality to such a figure is sheer incongruity, a perversion of her true role. Alec d'Urberville, in his conversion to fanatical Methodism, suffers a parallel but self-imposed perversion of his role.

Significantly, this imagery fades from the novel during the unhappier section at Flintcomb Ash - that sterile frustration of all natural instincts - only to reappear after the grim parody of the marriage consummation at Bramshurst Court. Now, however, it is Druidic paganism rather than classical, but in either case the image of Tess as a living sacrifice to the gods suggests a belief in some aftermath which is denied her. In the final paragraph of the book the author arbitrarily imposes the pattern of Greek drama upon his material.

I have said "arbitrarily" and at this stage we must come to grips with the full experience of the novel. I believe I have made it apparent that the imagery has established Tess as an Artemis/Demeter figure on the one hand, or an Eve/Magdalene figure on the other. Both sets of images have much in common. Here we have the essential woman, but by a strict and contrived patterning of "chance" operating throughout the novel and the effect of the animal imagery, we have her as the heroine-victim of a brooding Fate. This is what Hardy is asserting in his final comment. Yet we must examine more closely the irony inherent in the word "Justice". In terms of the novel this justice is the superficial outraged reaction of Victorian social morality. Underlying its mythic level of the novel is a social document strongly anchored in nineteenth century changing rural economy. Tess is both the feminine victim of nineteenth century male sexuality and impossible male idealism, and the rural worker driven by economic necessity to a constant search for employment in the course of which she becomes more and more the victim of the changing rural environment. Once she is seduced she is the scapegoat of a narrow-minded social morality. Her final rejection of all that is implied in this attitude is symbolised in the murder of Alec and her retreat into the New Forest with Angel Clare. But such an escape is shown as foredoomed from the start. The social forces against her are too powerful. (It would be interesting to linger here on the ambiguities in the treatment of both Alec and Angel, but it is somewhat outside the subject of this article.)

Hardy, it appears, is basically confused in his thinking. Either Tess exists as the victim of the economy, her own temperament, and her lovers, OR she is the passive victim of the Immortals. I do not think she can be both simultaneously.

In spite of this objection, the imagery and the economic thesis do not lock horns too drastically right up to and even including the Stonehenge scene. It is only when Hardy produces 'Liza-Lu at the end that one feels that the thesis is triumphant at the expense of the imagery. 'Liza-Lu is presented to us as possessing more fully those qualities for survival in the new environment that Tess was unable to develop because of tragic mischance. She is the emerging twentieth century woman, as Hardy saw her. Freed from her rural peasant environment, she must no longer depend solely on sensual attraction but must develop those spiritual and intellectual sides of her life which will make her a fitting mate for her Angel Clare.

To impose such an intellectualised thesis upon *Tess* is incongruous and inartistic. At either the mythic or the social level the true ending of the novel is upon the altar of Stonehenge.

(*References to page numbers are to Papermac T60)

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STUDY GUIDE

On Reading James Joyce's A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man *(All page references are to the Penguin Edition)*

I. Some Biographical Facts.

(N.B. You will note some broad correspondences between Joyce's and Stephen's careers; but it is important to bear in mind that the *Portrait* is a work of art, not an autobiography. Think about how you would distinguish the autobiographical novel as an art form from the autobiography.)

James Joyce, like Stephen, was born February 1882 in fairly comfortable circumstances in a suburb of Dublin. The family gradually became impoverished because of a series of financial reverses suffered by the father (whom Joyce loved and respected in real life, incidentally). At first through his father's influence but later entirely through his own abilities, Joyce won a series of scholarships to two of the best known Catholic schools in Ireland - Clongowes Wood and Belvedere Colleges. He was a brilliant classics, modern languages and English student who, like Stephen again, at first considered taking orders but in the end decided on a secular career. After an uneven career - working only to capacity on subjects that interested him - Joyce graduated B.A. from the Dublin Catholic Royal University in 1902. In 1904 (aged 22) he left Ireland to live on the Continent where he supported himself by teaching in various language schools. He had already collected 36 poems, written most of the short stories published in 1914 as Dubliners, and drafted several chapters of the autobiographical novel entitled Stephen Hero, later abandoned in favour of Portrait, which was published in 1916. Always a fastidious craftsman he had worked on Portrait for ten years before agreeing to publication. Ulysses, which carries on where Portrait ends was published in 1922. He laboured for 17 years on his master-work Finnegan's Wake (1939). Joyce died in January, 1941.

II. Guide to First Reading.

Here are some questions and exercises designed to make you think about some of the issues raised in Portrait and about the techniques its highly conscious craftsman-author employs. Don't worry if you can't answer all or even most of them now. Class discussions and further notes will help - but only if you are thoughtful and attentive in your own reading beforehand.

1. The Title.

a. Think about the articles. Why "A Portrait" and not "The Portrait"? Why of "the artist" not "an artist"? Reverse them: "The Portrait of an Artist..." Which title suggests "universal" as opposed to "specialized" application?

b. Why "Portrait"? How is a "Portrait" different from a "Picture"? From a photograph? How important is the artist's point-of-view in a portrait? (are you conscious of Joyce's point-of-view coming through? His attitudes towards his subject? His "interpretation" of Stephen's character?) How much attention can be given to background details in a portrait? (Does Joyce concentrate exclusively on Stephen and leave other characters, setting, etc. subdued as a portrait in oils?) What difficulties does the portrait-in-words pose for its artist? For its viewer-reader? Does the novel as an art form lend itself easily to the portraitist's approach? Do you get tired of Stephen? (A portrait in oils

can be surveyed in seconds or minutes.) How closely are we intended to press the comparison of this construct in words to a construct in paints?

c. "Artist". What does Joyce mean by this word? Can we call a musician or writer an "artist"? What is the function of art in your opinion? In Stephen's? In Joyce's? (Do the last two correspond?) In Joyce's opinion how is the artist differentiated from his fellows? What evidence is presented to suggest that Stephen might be (or imagines he is?) a kind of embryo Michelangelo whose medium is to be words rather than stone or pigments? Finally, a hard question: Is the term used ironically here? (i.e. Is Joyce concerned to show that Stephen is something of a faker, is deluding himself in his pretensions? Or is this really a serious portrait of budding genius?)

d. "as a Young Man". Do you find any particular significance, ironic or otherwise in the words "young" or "man"? Is Stephen a "man" (albeit young in years) by the end? Does "young" imply a pervasive immaturity? ("Wet behind the ears.") Does Stephen regard himself, or behave in company, like a "young man" or a "young man"? (i.e. Is his "youth" or "manliness" stressed or both, his "youthful manliness"?). Is there a suggestion that the artist has not arrived yet? (i.e. Is this a portrait of a young man before he matured into an artist?)

2. The Symbolism of Colours and Flowers.

On the first pages the colours "green" and "maroon" (or, Red) are mentioned. Later white (or ivory), blue and yellow are referred to. Stephen returns compulsively to think about these colours, and there is a constant patterning of colour - flower references (e.g. red and white as well as green roses). What ideas do you (or Stephen) come to associate with these colours? for a start green is the national colour of Ireland. It's also the colour we associate with tenderness (green shoots), innocence ("in my salad days")and jealousy. Does it have any of these traditional associations for Stephen? For the reader? Why?

3. Cross References and Expanding Symbols. (especially the Symbolism of Flight.)

Read carefully the poem Dante (=Auntie in baby talk, "Dauntie") quotes to scare Stephen on the second page. As you read on through the book try to discover some threads that lead back to these verses:

a. "Eagles" (predators of the air). Read about Icarus and Daedalus in a classical dictionary. What "eagles" does Icarus-Stephen have to fear in Ireland? Do Mr Dedalus and Daedalus have any correspondence? What bird names other than eagles are mentioned (keep a list)? What qualities do these various bird-people have? Can you find any references to "flight"? Why does Stephen identify with sea- and air-birds? Ask the same questions about "falls" (e.g. Lucifer's from Heaven). What is the point of the constant imagery of flight and fall? (e.g. on p.8 the greasy football "flew like a heavy bird through the grey light").

b. "Pull out his eyes". Why is "vision" necessary for the artist (in real life Joyce had poor eye-sight!)? Is Stephen's vision different from his fellows? Does Stephen always see straight? Can you find incidents (the broken glasses, p.50, is an obvious one) where Stephen's "vision" is endangered?

c. "Apologise". As you read on list words that are near synomyms: submit,admit, obey, confess, conform, etc. Who uses these words? What social forces do they represent? Try to trace Stephen's gradual change of attitude from "habits of quiet obedience" at Clongowes to his adopting Lucifer's non-serviam ("I will

not serve") as his motto? Whom won't he serve?

(A tip: Read carefully on p.203 from "when the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight . ." down to "Do you know what Ireland is asked Stephen with cold violence. Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow." Also what's the significance of Stephen using the image of bird-catchers' nets to suggest the conforming forces he will not serve?)

4. Use of Language. (see Essay Topic)

a. Levels of Maturity.

Compare the language used on the first page with that used in the diary at the end. What technique is Joyce using here to embody his "portrait" in words? Can you pick changes in level of maturity of expression as they occur?

b. Poetic Prose. ("Epiphanies")

Can you find examples of lyrical ecstatic writing? Where do they come? What occasioned them? Whose consciousness do they reflect, Stephen's or Joyce's? Joyce called these "epiphanies"? Look up the word? Find some examples of spiritual or artistic insight coming to Stephen through sensory concrete experience. Do these 'discoveries' make real to you the excitement of an artist discovering himself?

5. Point-of-View.

You may be puzzled at first by the changes of style as Joyce hops from one vantage point to another. See if you can detect at least these changes from:
i. Objective third person narrative in Joyce's own voice as omniscient author. Here the author stands objectively and invites us to observe and study the portrait from some distance.

ii. "Stream-of-consciousness". Here Joyce himself withdraws and reproduces the thoughts and feelings of his subject in the words Stephen himself would use. We are "inside" the portrait as it were, thinking in Stephen's thought processes; feeling, smelling, tasting, seeing through his senses.

iii. Middle-ground or close-up. Here we stand off just a little or peer closely at details but are still "outside" as in (i). Stylistically Joyce signals this close vantage point by writing in the third person but closely imitating Stephen's characteristic ways of speaking and thinking.

See if you can find passages which clearly fit one or other of these three categories? Are the categories as clear-cut as the above analysis might suggest? Why does Joyce constantly change focus? Do the changes destroy the "unity of composition"?

6. Narrative Technique.

Joyce's technique is often compared to "montage". (In motion pictures a sequence of separate images or pictures illustrating a sequence of ideas.) That is he selects significant moments, usually of intense experience, jumping from one to another without connecting narrative (as in a motion picture a shot on London airport might be followed by a shot of Sydney Harbour Bridge; we make the journey in our minds). In Section 1, you will find that there are four "shots" or "parts". Shot 1 "A pre-school incident in the Dedalus family circle." Shot 2 "A day at Clongowes College." Shots 3 and 4? As you read on try to identify these breaks and decide just where Stephen is and how old he is at each

point. What does Joyce achieve by leaving so much out? Does he leave too much out? What devices does he use to link the various montages? Do they succeed in welding the parts into a whole that stands up or does the work tend to fall to pieces? Is there insufficient "story" to hold the reader's interest?

7. Structure.

a. Attempt to discover what major change in Stephen's life or outlook coincides with the beginning of each section. Joyce does not name his sections. In the spaces below write the chapter headings he might have used.
Section 1.
Section 2.
Section 3.
Section 4.
Section 5.

b. Read closely the last pages of each section and the first pages of the next section. What do you notice about contrast in the style of writing? Is any recurrent pattern being established? If so how do you think the unwritten Section 6 would begin?

(The curious minded might like to dip into Ulysses at this point.)

8. Theme.

Joyce's moral and human commitments will show through if the novel does in fact have a "positive" theme. It might help you to think about the seventh and worst deadly sin (Pride) and the third, and greatest, virtue (Charity: caritas, also translated "Love"). Read closely when the words pride and love or their near-synonyms (like arrogance) are used. Who uses them? About whom? What does Stephen seem to admire about himself? How do you react to this self-adulation? Do you feel warmth towards Stephen? Or towards any other characters? Why? In the last section what kinds of stated and implied criticisms do Lynch, Cranly, Davin and other acquaintances (is "friends" a better word?) make of Stephen? Do you agree that the artist above all must have humanity? Why, or why not? What is your opinion of Stephen's humanity at the end?

9. Some Riddles.

Readers puzzle and disagree over a number of apparently pointless details in the novel. Have you any theories on:

a. The point of Athy's unanswered riddle (p.25), which Stephen still puzzles over at the end. (Don't be side-tracked by this, but some people think it significant that Daedalus's master-work was the Minoan maze or labyrynth.)

b. What is the artistic point of reproducing Stephen's fly-leaf (pp.15-16)? Has it anything to do with being an artist in Ireland?

c. Have you any theories about these five repeated and elaborated symbols:

i. bats - cricket-, pandy- and birds. Why does Stephen ponder so deeply over Davin's "bat-like woman"?

ii. cow (the traditional symbol of Ireland). The story begins with "moo cow"; Stephen loves to go with the milk man; is disgusted by the "foul green puddles" of the cow-house. The boys nickname Stephen bous - the ox. etc.

iii. road. Also mentioned in first sentence. What do circular tracks imply:e.g.

the training track where Mike Flynn trains; the track at Clongowes where he breaks his spectacles, cycle track the Jesuits walk round "in company of ladies"? (The Minoan maze was a series of circular hedged tracks, by the way.) What do the straight roads invite or offer? Which does Stephen like better, straight or circular roads?

iv. water. Again on the first page with the bed wetting - at first warm and agreeable, then cold and disagreeable. Then there is the ditch he was pushed into (the cess-pool for the college urinal); the lavatory with its "suck"noise; the communal bath, the cricket bats sounding like a fountain dripping - "pick, pock,pock, pick"; the wading girl (a kind of baptism of the spirit?) and so on. Is this expanding and recurrent symbol too complex to elucidate?

v. The green rose. (see pp.7,12, for childhood impressions), "But you could not have a green rose. But perhaps somewhere in the world you could." Does this suggest that the green rose is an impossible ideal, but one the young man aspires to, like a kind of holy Grail? Does the ideal refer to his search for artistic vision? For romantic and passionate fulfilment in love? (Eilleen, Mercedes, The prostitute, the girl singing Rosie O'Grady, the flower seller, the factory worker?). Note how the rose images (promise of fulfilment love?) are counter-poised to the "bat-like woman" (dark, repressed..?). See especially pp.220-221: "Rude in brutal anger... The radiant body of everliving life?". Is "Rosy O'Grady" the green rose? (O'Grady= Irish = Green) - i.e. The fresh sweet uncomplicated, Irish colleen (pure, unspoilt beauty and love?). Contrast the folk song "Sweet Rosie O'Grady" to the ornate contrived vilanelle ("Are you weary of ardent ways...p.223) That Stephen addresses to languid temptress of his adolescent dreams ("Her nakedness yielded to him, radiant warm onerous lavish limbed ...etc!)

Two Exercises in Close Reading

1. First Reading: The Christmas Dinner Quarrel (pp.278)

It is suggested that this reading be done in class before the book is read closely or discussed in detail. A rehearsed dramatic reading with six characters cast in these rôles has proved successful:

i. Stephen: A very quiet, shy, obedient, sensitive little boy dressed up in his Sunday best, and hardly audible in his nervous quick reading of grace. Overawed by the occasion he observes closely and with wonder everything that goes on, cowers at the verbal violence around him, and lapses into day-dreams as he tries to make sense of things (for example the 'epiphany' about Eilleen's hands and Towers of Ivory (pp.35-6 occurs as a "thought-stream" in the few moments that Mr Casey needs to gather his thoughts to tell his story.)

ii. Mrs Dedalus: A grown-up version of Stephen: gentle, quietly spoken, down-trodden, religious - constantly beseeching the disputants to keep the peace in hurt, perhaps exhausted and defeated, tones.

iii. Uncle Charles: Very like Mrs Dedalus in manner and voice: a decent, mild, peace-loving man completely dominated by his wife, Mrs Riordan, and rather drab alongside the exuberant Mr Dedalus and personable Mr Casey.

iv. Mr Dedalus: Reminds one of Sean O'Caseys "paycock" (peacock) in Juno amd the Paycock. Well-dressed (monocle), articulate, irresponsible he loves an argument and keeps "stirring the pot". He has a lively rather boisterous sense of humour, bursting into song or mimicry

if the occasion offers. Quick to tears, and rather shallow.

v. Dante: (Aunty Riordan). A domineering, forthright loud-spoken woman (I imher like Yeat's other Irish woman Maude Gonne, who spent "Her nights in argument/ until her voice grew shrill"). She is a loyal supporter of the church and a fanatical, puritan opponent of Parnell and all he stood for. The most formidable person at dinner.

vi. Mr Casey: Almost as verbally violent as Dante and just as fanatical in his support of the nationalist Irish cause. Like Mr Dedalus he is something of a sentimentalist capable of arousing and expressing love as well as hate.

Here Joyce dramatizes in a scene of emotion-draining verbal violence the forces that threaten Stephen = The Three "nets" of family, church and nation that would ensnare his creative spirit:

1. Family: Note how ineffectual the home lovers are and how the rancour, divisiveness, tensions terrify and might eventually destroy s spirit as sensitive and 'free' as Stephens'. Note too how this has all the signs of a rehearsed performance = although brought into sharper focus by Parnell's recent death, all the recriminations and vituperative phrases have been used before - they come so pat.

2. Church: Here it is as well to note that all the disputants protest that they are "good Catholics". Mrs Riordan though loyal to the priests lacks charity (her exultation over Parnell's death); Mr Dedalus is snide, even smirky in his gossipy attacks on the clergy; Mr Casey simply puts country ahead of church. The divisiveness is pretty much along sex lines, with the women supporting the hierarchy against the attacks made on it by the men, who are more involved in politics.

3. Country: Note that no-one is allowed to forget the past: the heroes' names come easily and alleged betrayals by past leaders whether secular or religious are constantly referred to. The sad thing is that instead of combining against "the common enemy"(England),Catholic Irishman turns against Protestant Irishman; and within the Catholic church itself there is thedivisiveness,especially between men and women already referred to.

These three strong, inherited forces all contend to claim Stephen's loyalty and devotion (he is confused by the different 'teachings' of say Dante and Mr Dedalus). Obviously in Joyce's view he cannot be true to all if he is to remain "whole" as an artist must and devote his life to his art. Thus you'll see how the book first the Church (visions of becoming "The Reverand Father Dedalus S.J."), then Father and Mother, and finally Homeland are rejected as Stephen determines to try his wings, soaring above sordid reality to create his own world of transcendental beauty.

Do you think this is the answer? Can any artist reject "reality", or reject forces so fundamental to his very being and still "create"?

Final Reading: First Childhood Memories (pp.7-8)

I find that it is revealing, after you have read and discussed the book, to go back to the very first two pages and to see how much more meaningful they are now. It might be argued that in this first section, Joyce has set up the loom on which he is to weave the novel. If you look closely you can identify the threads that comprise the patterns, or will emerge as "Themes", as the novel progresses. For example:

1. The literary strand: already the love of story("Once Upon a Time") and song that denote the novelist and poet ("artist") in the making are evident.

2. The finding of self, in relation to Mother, Father, Aunty, other people's parents; and the first demands by family or society (being bribed by loyalties to faith issues for Dante).

3. The emerging of contrasting loyalties (red and green) to Church and Nation; Maroon (Church) for Davitt and Green for Parnell.

4. The first stirrings of romantic love ("he was going to marry Eilleen" - the prototype dream girl).

5. Dominant and recurring symbols introduced, especially birds (flight and fall motif), roses, colours, road, cow.

6. Pressures to conform and obey already becoming oppressive (Come from under the table and apologize to Eilleen's parents for embarrassing them).

And many more:

vii. Irony

Joyce, I believe has used irony to distance himself as novelist from Stephen the subject of his art, and to show how his mature views and beliefs differ from those of Stephen - and presumably from those of Joyce himself when he was Stephen's age. (Joyce once said "I'm afraid I've been rather hard on that young man.") Many students apparently take Stephen at face value and cannot concede that perhaps Joyce is "sending him up" by exactly reproducing his words and thoughts at differing stages of his development. The three examples below can be used to test whether we are meant to take Stephen seriously, or to regard him comically and critically, or indeed both to admire and smile. What has to be judged is the amount of insight the young man has into his own behaviour and motives, and the degree to which his seriousness might be regarded critically as Pride (or arrogance).

1. Mercedes and the Dark Avenger (pp.62-3).

Here Stephen as a young teen-ager identifies with the hero of Dumas's romantic novel The Count of Monte Cristo. He has established Mercedes as living in a nearby whitewashed Irish cottage and imagines a confrontation where he is offered grapes by the lady "who had so many years before slighted his love". Stephen (as "The Dark Avenger") then imagines himself "with a proud gesture of refusal saying - Madame, I never eat muscatel grapes".
Do you find this comic? (who'll talk about grapes in such a situation?) Or rather pathetic? Or heart-warming? (Remember your own childish phantasies!) Is there a discrepancy between Stephen's own vision of himself and the reader's impression of boyish immaturity?

2. Stephen's Idealization of the Prostitute (p.101)

Read this "epiphany" again and ask the same kinds of questions where he talks about the street walker as if she were a saint in one of those religious paintings of the adoration" ("her frank up-lifted eyes"). Note who is the Christ-like object of this adoration and wonder how "frank" these eyes in fact were likely to be! What do you make of the final ecstatic outburst?
"..... he felt an unknown and timid pressure, darker than the swoon of sin, softer than sound or colour."

3. The Theory and Practice of Poetry (p.214; pp.216-23)

a. Theory: Note that intellectually Stephen criticizes subjective lyricism as "inferior" and note how Joyce spoofs the pretentious gobbledygook Stephen uses to express his theory:

> The lyrical form is in fact the simplest verbal vesture of an instant of emotion... The simplest epical form is seen emerging out of lyrical literature when the artist prolongs and broods upon himself as the centre of an epical event and this form progresses till the centre of emotional gravity is equidistant from the artist himself and from others.

b. Practice: In fact at the very time as he is formulating this mathematical analogy Stephen is composing a sentimental lyric - his vilanelle, "Are you not weary of ardent ways" which is very reminicent of Ernest Dawson's fin-de-de siède , decadent romanticism. Joyce gives us about three pages of Stephen's neurotic romanticizing during the throes of composition, including this comic picture of the lyrist lying in bed transfiguring the homely blanket and tatty wallpaper into images of passion, and transcendental love again:

> No sound was to be heard; but he knew that all around him life was about to awaken in common noises, hoarse voices, sleepy prayers. Shrinking from that life he turned towards the wall making a cowl of the blanket and staring at the great overblown scarlet flowers of the tattered wallpaper. He tried to warm his perishing joy in their scarlet glow, imagining a roseway from where he lay upwards to heaven all strewn with scarlet flowers. Weary! Weary! He too was weary of ardent ways.

The last sentence shows how cleverly Joyce can parody youthful, romantic quasi-poetic prose and in the process bring out the unreality and self-indulgence of these adolescent love dreams. Note too that the deflation has preceded this sentence: "Shrinking from that life" (i.e. reality itself) and the "great overblown scarlet flowers" of the vulgar wallpaper. Some questions then:

* Do you find this disturbingly comic? (So absurd is the discrepancy between reality and fantasy that Stephen becomes a figure of ridicule?)
* Do you smile indulgently, feeling that the 'ribbing' is rather kind? (Joyce almost saying "That's what I was like when young, thank God I got through it"?).
* Do you warm to Stephen? (After all he's human with faults and foibles; not a self-sufficient literary genius talking down to his mates, teachers and professors).
* Is this deflation of Stephen necessary thematically?
* Do you disagree with all the above? (We are meant to admire Stephen's"sensitivity", "intelligence" and "style" as revealed in this and similar passages.)
* Finally, is this a necessary and inevitable stage that all young writers of promise have to "write themselves through"?

viii. Some Background Notes on Contemporary Irish Politics.

The backdrop for this portrait of Stephen is the Ireland of Joyce's childhood and youth: i.e. c 1885 - 1904. This Ireland was bedevilled by politics. "Home Rule" (for predominately Catholic Ireland from Protestant England) had been a burning issue for generations - in fact since the bloody suppression of Irish nationalism by Cromwell in the 17th c. The Irish nationalists, whose leaders included Protestants like Parnell and Yeats, were divided among themselves - mainly on narrow religious grounds. Joyce was distressed that this

self-destructiveness should so embitter relations between idealists who sought the same end - the "Repeal of the Union", self-government as an independent republic. Because this bigotry and intolerance persisted among the Irish Joyce felt that golden opportunities to force England to act had been wasted; in fact Southern Ireland was not to gain independence until 1921 and then only after the bloody Easter Rebellion of 1916 - (see Yeats' elegy "Easter 1916") and the post World War I "throubles" (see O'Casey's Juno and the Paycock)when there was virtual civil war between the nationalist Irish Republican Army ("I.R.A.") and the "Black and Tans" (English military police). The pre-revolution political situation constantly impinges on Stephen's consciousness and predominates much of the recorded conversation. The first and most obvious example is the Christmas dinner when Dante and Mr Dedalus quarrel (pp.27 - 40) - Parnell, in fact had died two months before the dinner, an event recorded through Stephen's eyes in the section immediately preceding the dinner (p.27, from "He saw the sea of waves"). Not only is the family split; but the Nation itself, Stephen believes, is dispirited and weakened. He feels in his young manhood that his possibilities as an Irish artist are limited, if not defeated, by the demoralization of the young who had identified with Parnell and regarded him as a new "saviour". Brief notes follow on some of the political heroes and events that live in Stephen's consciousness.

Charles Stewart Parnell (1846 - 1891) was the Protestant parliamentary leader of the Irish nationalist Home Rule party. He was gaoled by Gladstone's government in 1881 for supporting Michael Davitt's Land League in its obstruction of the Land Bill of 1880. Despite attempts to incriminate him, by means of a forged letter sold to his political enemies, in a political atrocity known as the Phoenix Park Murders (1882) Parnell remained a national political hero who used his disciplined Irish Nationalist party's votes to embarrass and even bring down Gladstone's government. He was able to extract a promise of Home Rule from Gladstone (in return for support in parliament) and used his influence to have enacted various reforms like "tenant's relief" (from heavy rents due to English landlords). "The comparative tranquility which Ireland enjoyed at the close of the 19th c. may be ascribed partly to legislation inspired, recommended and devised by Parnell" is an historian's judgment. Eventually Parnell was brought down by his English enemies and (mainly Catholic) antagonists in Ireland when involved as co-respondent in a divorce case. (Kitty O'Shea was the respondent, her name is mentioned from time to time in Portrait.) Gladstone, sensitive to public opinion in England, insisted on Parnell's standing down as leader of the Irish party. The church in Ireland was bitterly hostile (Dante puts the point of view of the extremists in the church party at the Christmas party argument). His party split into Parnellites and Anti-Parnellites. Finally worn out by the strain he died at the early age of 45 at Brighton. His remains were conveyed to Dublin (Stephen describes meeting the boat on p.27) and laid to rest in the presence of a vast assembly of Irish people in Glasnevin Cemetery, not far from the grave of the other great Irish folk hero, Daniel O'Connell. To Joyce the fate of Parnell symbolized the fate of Ireland itself: "a sow that devours its own pigs" as Stephen muses.

Wolfe Tone (1763-1798) was the Irish lawyer and rebel leader who first tried to unite Catholics and Protestants in order to secure independence by parliamentary reform. This failing he led his group (known as the "United Irishmen") in a fight to achieve independence by armed rebellion. He found support in revolutionary France and America. The French Revolutionary Government in fact

did raise expeditions to invade and "free" Ireland. Tone took part in two of these ill-fated invasion attempts (both defeated at sea, mainly) in 1774 and 1798. After the second he was captured and sentenced to be hanged for treason, but suicided before the sentence could be carried out.

Daniel O'Connell (1775 - 1847) was a Catholic statesman still known in Ireland as "The Liberator". He led the Catholics out of their state of virtual vassalage to their Protestant landlords and English masters through organizing a massive and powerful national movement in Ireland. He also won powerful liberal friends in the House of Commons because because of his oratory and fire in debate. He led the fight for repeal of the Union with England in the 1830's and 40's, being convicted and sentenced to a year's gaol by Peel's government in 1844 for "unlawful activities" (reversed later on a writ of error by the House of Lords). He is regarded by historians as one of the great statesmen of his day: a man of ideals, courage, intellect and wisdom. His appeal as a popular leader was enhanced by the powerful impression he created through his personal appearance and unrivalled oratory ("massive and strong in argument").

Michael Davitt (1846 - 1906) the fiery revolutionary leader was from 1865 a member of Fenian Irish Republican Brotherhood (a semi-secret society "bound by oath of allegiance to the Irish Republic" with HQ in U.S.A.). He served 7 years (1870-1877) of a 15-year sentence for treason-felony (sending fire-arms to Ireland) in Dartmoor Prison. In 1883 he was imprisoned for 3 months for seditious speeches in connection with the Irish Land League, a body dedicated to agrarian reform, which, with Parnell's support Davitt had sponsored and led. In a stormy political career in which he fell out with Parnell he was unseated on three occasions because of his revolutionary activities. He saw the need for national unity among the Irish fighters for independence from England and so formed in 1898 the United Irish League, with the specific function of reconciling the Parnellite and Anti-Parnellite factions which continued long after that politician's death (in 1891). His sincerity and force of character earned the respect of those who opposed his embittered Nationalist, anti-British, anti-clerical, sceptical and socialistic radical policies.

"The Flight of the Wild Geese". Recall that Stephen sarcastically refers to his conformist friend Davin as a "tame Goose" p.201; also the priest herding the boys p.74.

In Irish history this phrase refers to the dispossession, massacre and eventual flight to Europe (many officers of Irish name and descent fought in the French army under Napoleon) of the traditional Irish aristocracy in the reigns of Eliz.I, Cromwell and William of Orange. The peasants were thus deprived of educated elite national leaders and became virtually the vassals of a transplanted English protestant aristocracy. Political power was kept firmly in English and Protestant hands; the Catholic church became an important grass-roots political force because its clergy represented practically the only educated voice for the dispossessed Irish peasant. Later the position changed as the transplanted Englishmen began to regard themselves as "Irishmen" and sought the same aim as the native Catholic Irishmen - independence from England.

Swift, Sheridan, Wilde, Shaw, Yeats are some of the famous names in English literature of Irish Protestants who regarded themselves first as Irishmen, second as writers in English. (Stephen you'll note rejects Erse in favour of English as the language the Irish artist must use if he is to fulfil his aims.)

VII Easy Topic

Select any brief passage (try to limit yourself to about half a page) which in your opinion is significant for the manner in which it touches on the novel's major concerns, and illustrates its characteristic techniques. By closely examining the tone, texture, images, symbols, vocabulary, syntax, allusions, etc. attempt to show how the chosen passage is indeed significant in your reading of the novel as a whole.

****

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AND

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NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR

- Marjorie Aldred

In the *Sydney Morning Herald* of 17/1/1974 there was an article headed "Orwell's miner's hell lives on in U.K.", written by a staff correspondent in London, given space no doubt because of serious industrial action being taken by miners. The subject-matter recalled my own shock of discovery when reading *The Road to Wigan Pier* - published in 1937 - discovery not only of the working conditions of the miners but of housing and living conditions so similar to those experienced by people in the back to back houses in the courts of industrial cities in the 1840's. It is not uncommon to find reference to Orwell or his work in newspapers or other media: for example, there is a caption in the *Daily Telegraph* this week, "1984 is closer than you think", though it serves only to introduce an "exciting new series, The World of 1984, which begins tomorrow."

Sonia Orwell and Ian Angus have edited *The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell:* Volume 1 *An Age Like This* 1920-1940; Volume 2 *My Country Right or Left* 1940-1943; Volume 3 *As I Please* 1943-1945; Volume 4 *In Front of Your Nose* 1945-1950. These volumes were published in England by Secker and Warburg in 1968 and have been available in Penguin Books since 1970. They offer primary source material of the years they span. In his will George Orwell asked that no biography be written. In these volumes we hear the writer's voice speaking the truth as he sees it. Orwell says, in "The Prevention of Literature" (Vol. 4, p.84): *"Freedom of the intellect means freedom to report what one has seen, heard, and felt, and not to be obliged to fabricate facts and feelings."*

Orwell's essay, "Why I Write", was placed at the beginning of the first volume as it seemed to the editors a suitable introduction to the whole collection. It begins: *"From a very early age, perhaps the age of five or six, I knew that when I grew up I should be a writer."* Here follow some further extracts. *"When I was about sixteen I suddenly discovered the joy of mere words, i.e. the sounds and associations of words. The lines from* Paradise Lost.

> *So hee with difficulty and labour hard*
> *Moved on: with difficulty and labour hee,*

which do not now seem to me so very wonderful, sent shivers down my backbone; and the spelling "hee" for "he" was an added pleasure. As for the need to describe things, I knew all about it already. So it is clear what kind of books I wanted to write, in so far as I could be said to want to write books at that time. I wanted to write enormous naturalistic novels with unhappy endings, full of detailed descriptions and arresting similes, and also full of purple passages in which words were used partly for the sake of their sound.

..... ***

"I give all this background information because I do not think one can assess a writer's motives without knowing something of his early development. His subject-matter will be determined by the age he lives in - at least this is true in tumultuous, revolutionary ages like our own - but before he ever be-

gins to write he will have acquired an emotional attitude from which he will never completely escape. It is his job, no doubt, to discipline his temperament and avoid getting stuck at some age, or in some perverse mood: but if he escapes from his early influences altogether, he will have killed his impulse to write."

He gives "four great motives" for writing prose: in brief, sheer egotism, aesthetic enthusiasm, historical impulse and political purpose. *"Every line of serious work that I have written since 1936 has been written, directly or indirectly, <u>against</u> totalitarianism and <u>for</u> democratic Socialism, as I understand it. It seems to me nonsense, in a period like our own, to think that one can avoid writing of such subjects. Everyone writes of them in one guise or another. It is simply a question of which side one takes and what approach one follows. And the more one is conscious of one's political bias, the more chance one has of acting politically without sacrificing one's aesthetic and intellectual integrity.*

"What I have most wanted to do throughout the last ten years is to make political writing into an art. My starting point is always a feeling of partisanship, a sense of injustice. When I sit down to write a book, I do not say to myself, 'I am going to produce a work of art.' I write because there is some lie that I want to expose, some fact to which I want to draw attention, and my initial concern is to get a hearing. But I could not do the work of writing a book, or even a long magazine article, if it were not also an aesthetic experience. Anyone who cares to examine my work will see that even when it is downright propaganda it contains much that a full-time politician would consider irrelevant. I am not able, and I do not want, completely to abandon the world-view that I acquired in childhood. So long as I remain alive and well I shall continue to feel strongly about prose style, to love the surface of the earth, and to take pleasure in solid objects and scraps of useless information. It is no use trying to suppress that side of myself. The job is to reconcile my ingrained likes and dislikes with the essentially public, non-individual activities that this age forces on all of us.

"It is not easy. It raises problems of construction and of language, and it raises in a new way the problem of truthfulness"

***

"I will only say that of later years I have tried to write less picturesquely and more exactly. In any case I find that by the time you have perfected any style of writing, you have always outgrown it. <u>Animal Farm</u> was the first book in which I tried, with full consciousness of what I was doing, to fuse political purpose and artistic purpose into one whole. I have not written a novel for seven years, but I hope to write another fairly soon. It is bound to be a failure, every book is a failure, but I know with some clarity what kind of book I want to write.

***

Writing a book is a horrible, exhausting struggle, like a long bout of some painful illness. One would never undertake such a thing if one were not driven on by some demon whom one can neither resist nor understand. For all one knows that demon is simply the same instinct that makes a baby squall for attention.

And yet it is also true that one can write nothing readable unless one constantly struggles to efface one's own personality. Good prose is like a window pane. I cannot say with certainty which of my motives are the strongest, but I know which of them deserve to be followed. And looking back through my work, I see that it is invariably where I lacked a political purpose that I wrote lifeless books and was betrayed into purple passages, sentences without meaning, decorative adjectives and humbug generally."

Orwell believed that a novel had to be lived with for years before written down otherwise the working out of detail could not happen. The idea for *Nineteen Eight-Four* came to him after the Teheran Conference at the end of 1943. In August, 1946, he began work on the novel at Barnhill, a farm he had rented on the Isle of Jura in the Hebrides, where he hoped to find peace from journalism - and not too many interruptions. In August, 1947, he wrote to his friend, George Woodcock, about his struggling with the novel and added: *"latterly the weather has been quite incredible, and I am afraid we shall be paying for it soon. Last week we went round in the boat and spent a couple of days on the completely uninhabited Atlantic side of the island in an empty shepherd's hut - no beds, but otherwise quite comfortable. There are beautiful white beaches round that side, and if you do about an hour's climb into the hills you come to lochs which are full of trout but never fished because too unget-atable. This last week of course we've all been breaking our backs helping to get the hay in, including Richard, who likes to roll in the hay stark naked. If you want to come here any time, of course do..."*

At the end of May, 1947, he had written to F.J. Warburg: *"I have made a fairly good start on the book and I think I must have written nearly a third of the rough draft. I have got as far as I had hoped to do by this time, because I have really been in the most wretched health this year ever since January (my chest as usual) and can't quite shake it off. However I keep pegging away, and I hope that when I leave here in October I shall either have finished the rough draft or at any rate have broken its back. Of course the rough draft is always a ghastly mess having little relation to the finished result, but all the same it is the main part of the job. So if I do finish the rough draft by October I might get the book done fairly early in 1948, barring illnesses. I don't like talking about books before they are written, but I will tell you now that this is a novel about the future - that is, it is in a sense a fantasy, but in the form of a naturalistic novel. That is what makes it a difficult job - of course as a book of anticipations it would be comparatively simple to write."*

His health gradually deteriorated but by late October he had finished the first draft. After a stay in hospital he had recovered sufficiently to begin the second draft in May, 1948. It was finished by early November. He could not send the M.S. away - the neologisms alone would have been too much for a stenographer - and he began typing it himself. To Anthony Powell he wrote: *"I can work, but that is about all I can do. To walk even a few hundred yards promptly upsets me. It's annoying that after a filthy summer we've been having nice autumn weather but I can't so much as pull a weed up in the garden. I am just on the grisly job of typing out my novel. I can't type much because it tires me too much to sit up at table."* He had not fixed on the title, hesitating between *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *The Last Man in Europe*. In December

he wrote to his publishers: *"As to the blurb, I really don't think the approach in the draft you sent me is the right one. It makes the book sound as though it were a thriller mixed up with a love story, and I didn't intend it to be primarily that. What it is really meant to do is to discuss the implications of dividing the world up into 'Zones of influence' (I thought of it in 1944 as a result of the Teheran Conference), and in addition to indicate by parodying them the intellectual implications of totalitarianism. It has always seemed to me that people have not faced up to these and that, e.g. the persecution of scientists in Russia, is simply part of a logical process which should have been forseeable 10-20 years ago."* *Nineteen Eighty-Four* was published in June, 1949, in London and New York.

Part of a letter written to an American correspondent asking questions about the novel reads: *"My recent novel is NOT intended as an attack on Socialism or on the British Labour Party (of which I am a supporter) but as a show-up of the perversions to which a centralized economy is liable and which have already been partly realized in Communism and Fascism. I do not believe that the kind of society I describe necessarily will arrive, but I believe (allowing of course for the fact that the book is a satire) that something resembling it could arrive. I believe also that totalitarian ideas have taken root in the minds of intellectuals everywhere, and I have tried to draw these ideas out to their logical consequences. The scene of the book is laid in Britain in order to emphasize that the English-speaking races are not innately better than anyone else and that totalitarianism, if not fought against, could triumph anywhere."*

***

Nineteen Eighty-Four makes a disturbing impact upon me as reader. Many years ago I gave up after the first few chapters, unable to accept the horrors of Winston Smith's world. A few years ago I managed to read it through; my third reading left me stunned with the shock of his absorption into that alien world, however temporary his stay was to be. Closer reading brings some sense of richness in Winston Smith's life - ("When I grow rich, say the bells of Shoreditch"). There are many antinomies in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* - moments of beauty delicately touched in, and elusive ironies - Part Three is the ultimate expected horror, and as Winston finds the answer to his WHY he remains defiant in spirit; but one understands his spiritual death after his final betrayal of what he held most dear, and grasps the strength of the power control over him and the force of Orwell's title - Look at what is in front of your nose, there are logical outcomes of totalitarian utopias, outcomes that can destroy, and time is not on man's side.

Winston's world is a nightmare world. It is April - (Oh, to be in England, now that April's there). *"It was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, stepped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering with him."* Winston Smith is human, "his chin nuzzled into his breast", human, though he has to be re-educated to be truly so; and the suggestion of encompassing, inescapable evil is there in the "thirteen", "the evil wind", "the swirl of gritty dust".

Winston has returned to his flat for his allotted luncheon period to perform a decisive act, to start his diary, "to transfer to paper the interminable restless monologue that had been running inside his head, literally for years." In the "locked loneliness in which one had to live" such an act required courage. Winston knew, though there were no laws in Oceania, that the outcome could only be unimaginable horror and "Your name was removed from the registers; every record of everything you had ever done was wiped out, your one-time existence was denied and then forgotten, you were abolished, annihilated: *vaporized* was the usual word." Exceptional courage indeed. Why is he driven to do it?

A close study of the opening chapter reveals the structure of the world of 1984. Oceania is one of the three super powers, the others being Eurasia and Eastasia, with one of which Oceania is permanently at war; and Winston lives in London, chief city of Airstrip One, formerly England, the third most populous of the provinces of Oceania. It is controlled by Big Brother, never seen in the flesh, but present everywhere in gigantic posters and on the telescreens, and by members of the Inner Party, supported by the Outer Party and a highly efficient police service. The proles, (Proles and animals are free"), 85% of the population, pursue their own course conditioned by the prolefeed issued from the Ministry of Truth, their numbers reduced without doubt through the ever-watching eye of the Thought Police. Four great pyramidal structures of glittering white concrete soaring above the grimy landscape of the bombed-out city, house the four ministries among which the apparatus of government is divided. "The Ministry of Truth, which concerned itself with news, entertainment, education, and the fine arts. The Ministry of Peace, which concerned itself with war. The Ministry of Love, which maintained law and order. And the Ministry of Plenty, which was responsible for economic affairs. Their names, in Newspeak: Minitrue, Minipax, Miniluv, and Miniplenty." And they implement the principles of Ingsoc.

Winston cannot unquestioningly accept the basic principle of doublethink. He is guilty of thoughtcrime, seeking to recall his own memories of the past, behind his wary inscrutability watchful for evidence of political unorthodoxy in others. But he knows his danger. Throughout the chapter his awareness is shown through the narrative method, and such words recur as *frightening, compromising, helplessness, predicament, sheer panic, black terror, dangerous, hysteria,* and of course *fear* and *hate.*

The first diary entry describing the film though he doesn't know it yet is linked to his own past and the quality of life the Party is destroying, to a time when there was still privacy, love, friendship, loyalty, when an action was not meaningless because ineffectual. His writing, springing from his submerged loathing of the Party, and his hope of finding the secret Brotherhood to exist, recalls the events of that morning's Two Minutes Hate. *"The horrible thing about the Two Minutes Hate that it was impossible to avoid joining in. Within thirty seconds any pretence was always unnecessary. A hideous ecstasy of fear and vindictiveness, a desire to kill, to torture, to smash faces in with a sledge-hammer, seemed to flow through the whole group of people like an electric current, turning one even against one's will into a grimacing, screaming lunatic. And yet the rage that one felt was an abstract, undirected emotion which could be switched from one object to another like the flame of a*

blow-lamp." To be conscious of another person's attention is to be plunged in the springs of terror. Winston in his isolation can leap to misconceptions. The dark-haired girl he believes to be a member of the Thought Police. In "vivid, beautiful hallucinations" he destroys her. Like the opening of the diary, the imagined experience is an act of rebellion. Passionate relationship is not countenanced by the Party, being part of the forbidden "ownlife", evidence of independence and eccentricity - the first part of the novel illustrates the destruction of human relationships, within the family, between man and man, between man and woman. And following the "unmistakable message" passed between them, he believes O'Brien to be politically unorthodox, an enemy of the Party, a member of the secret brotherhood. The daily orgasm of manipulated thought and feeling is not recorded in the diary, but as he thinks of it Winston writes again and again, "Down with Big Brother." Thoughtcrime, the essential crime. He is doomed: "they'll shoot me I don't care they'll shoot me..."

Many times throughout the novel Winston's thoughts shift from O'Brien to Big Brother as though through some unacknowledged, compelling power of association. Though he does not know it, O'Brien has been watching him for seven years (he was "the flaw in the pattern"). A dream of seven years ago haunts him, in which a voice, later identified as O'Brien's, had said, *"We shall meet in the place where there is no darkness."*

As the lunch break draws to a close *"Winston walked over to the window, keeping his back to the telescreen. The day was still cold and clear. Somewhere far away a rocket bomb exploded with a dull, reverberating roar. About twenty or thirty of them a week were falling on London at present.*

"Down in the street the wind flapped the torn poster to and fro, and the word INGSOC fitfully appeared and vanished. Ingsoc. The sacred principles of Ingsoc. Newspeak, doublethink, the mutability of the past. He felt as though he were wandering in the forests of the sea bottom, lost in a monstrous world where he himself was the monster. He was alone. The past was dead, the future was unimaginable. What certainty had he that a single human creature now living was on his side? And what way of knowing that the dominion of the Party would not endure for ever? Like an answer, the three slogans on the white face of the Ministry of Truth came back to him:

WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

He took a twenty-five cent piece out of his pocket. There, too, in tiny clear lettering, the same slogans were inscribed, and on the other face of the coin the head of Big Brother. Even from the coin the eyes pursued you. On coins, on stamps, on the covers of books, on banners, on posters, and on the wrappings of a cigarette packet - everywhere. Always the eyes watching you and the voice enveloping you. Asleep or awake, working or eating, indoors or out of doors, in the bath or in bed - no escape. Nothing was your own except the few cubic centimetres inside your skull." A few months are to prove this conclusion wrong. *"He was a lonely ghost uttering a truth that nobody would ever hear. But so long as he uttered it, in some obscure way the continuity was not broken. It was not by making yourself heard but by staying sane that you carried on the human heritage."* Deliberately he formulates his thoughts, takes the decisive step, and writes:

"To the future or to the past, to a time when thought is free, when men are different from one another and do not live alone - to a time when truth exists and what is done cannot be undone:

From the age of uniformity, from the age of solitude, from the age of Big Brother, from the age of doublethink - greetings!" There is more than recognition of his own ending in the diary entry following: *"Thoughtcrime does not entail death: thoughtcrime IS death."*

The reality of Winston's world is well established in the two opening chapters, its shabbiness, dinginess, listlessness, the bareness and discomfort, the strident music and the fabulous statistics, the constant surveillance, the strict time schedules, the manipulation of thought and feeling. The picture is strengthened in the following chapters. *"Always in your stomach and your skin was a sort of protest, a feeling that you had been cheated of something you had a right to."*

There is a certain release in having committed himself; slowly memories and feelings surface. He dreams of his mother with his young sister in her arms, being sucked down to death through darkening waters, dying without reproach that he might live. He becomes aware that it was an act belonging to a time *'when there was still privacy, love and friendship, and when members of a family stood by one another without needing to know the reason. His mother's memory tore at his heart because she had died loving him, when he was too young and selfish to love her in return, and because somehow, he did not remember how, she had sacrificed herself to a concept of loyalty that was private and unalterable. Such things, he saw, could not happen today. Today there was fear, hatred, and pain, but no dignity of emotion, no deep or complex sorrows."* And he dreams, as he has often done, of what he calls in his waking thoughts, the Golden Country. *"it was an old, rabbit-bitten pasture, with a foot-track wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side of the field the boughs of the elm trees were swaying very faintly in the breeze, their leaves just stirring in dense masses like women's hair. Somewhere near at hand, though out of sight, there was a clear, slow-moving stream where dace were swimming in the pools under the willow trees.*

"The girl with the dark hair was coming towards them across the field. With what seemed a single movement she tore off her clothes and flung them disdainfully aside. Her body was white and smooth but it aroused no desire in him, indeed he barely looked at it. What overwhelmed him in that instant was admiration for the gesture with which she had thrown her clothes aside. With its grace and carelessness it seemed to annihilate a whole culture, a whole system of thought, as though Big Brother and the Party and the Thought Police could all be swept into nothingness by a single splendid movement of the arm. That too was a gesture belonging to the ancient time." And awake, he continues to look into his own past time, into his consciousness. "Who controls the past controls the future: who controls the present controls the past," ran the Party slogan. Reality control, in Newspeak, doublethink. The labyrinthine world of doublethink.

Winston knows the past is being actually destroyed. In the Records Department, "rectifying" articles and news items, he participates in the continuous process of alteration, bringing the past up to date. His conversation with Syme, one of the team of experts working on the definitive Eleventh Edition of the Newspeak Dictionary, illustrates the enormity of the Party dehumanizing process. *"We're destroying words - scores of them, hundreds of them, every day. We're cutting the language down to the bone. 'Don't you see that the whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought? In the end we shall make thoughtcrime impossible, because there will be no words in which to express it.'"*. The proles will be using Oldspeak... Proles are not human beings. Syme dismisses them. Literature will change. *"Even the literature of the Party will change. Even the slogans will change. How could you have a slogan like 'freedom is slavery' when the concept of freedom has been abolished? The whole climate of thought will be different. In fact there will be no thought, as we understand it now. Orthodoxy means not thinking - not needing to think. Orthodoxy is unconsciousness'"* Syme and Winston listen to the conversation at a nearby table: *"every word of it was pure orthodoxy, pure Ingsoc... The stuff that was coming out of him consisted or words, but it was not speech in the true sense: it was a noise uttered in unconsciousness, like the quacking of a duck."* Duckspeak. Speech from minds frozen by the hypnotic power of the Party. Winston recalls his marriage to Katherine, goodthinkful, a human sound-track.

Only from the proles, the swarming, disregarded masses, could come the force to destroy the Party. Winston considers the Party claim to have liberated them from bondage, but can find no way of proving that life before the Revolution had really been better; he thinks of the fate of three Revolutionary leaders, the last to survive, and his unmistakable evidence of a Party act of falsification. Much of the detail of their last days is to be repeated exactly in Winston's final experience, witness to the strength of Party power.

The pervading sense of nightmare increases for there appears to be no reason for the imposture. Winston writes: *"I understand HOW: I do not understand WHY."* The Party was demanding that you reject the evidence of your eyes and ears; but courage comes to him with the certainty that O'Brien is on his side. The diary is written for him - the argument between the last man and the advocate of Ingsoc is not yet - that is to come later. But Winston makes his last diary entry that week: *"Freedom is the freedom to say that two plus two make four. If that is granted, all else follows."*

Winston moves further towards "ownlife". The sky is a warmer blue; he rejects the intolerable "creaking cameraderie" of the Community Centre, wanders in the slums seeking without success to find out whether life was better before the Revolution. He finds himself once more in the junk shop. Here he finds the paperweight. *"It was a heavy lump of glass, curved on one side, flat on the other, making almost a hemisphere. There was a peculiar softness, as of rainwater, in both the colour and the texture of the glass. At the heart of it, magnified by the curved surface, there was a strange, pink, convoluted object that recalled a rose or a sea anemone."* It was beautiful, it belonged to an age quite different. The room upstairs awakens in him "a sort of nostalgia, a sort of ancestral memory." The steel engraving tempts him, he is haunted by the lines of the old rhyme so that he seems to hear the bells.

"Yes, he thought again, he would come back. He would buy further scraps of beautiful rubbish. He would buy the engraving of St. Clement Danes, take it out of its frame, and carry it home concealed under the jacket of his overalls. He would drag the rest of that poem out of Mr Charrington's memory. Even the lunatic project of renting the room upstairs flashed momentarily through his mind again. For perhaps five seconds exultation made him careless, and he stepped out on to the pavement without so much as a preliminary glance through the window. He had even started humming to an improvised tune -

Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St Clement's,
You owe me three farthings, say the -

Suddenly his heart seemed to turn to ice and his bowels to water. A figure in blue overalls was coming down the pavement, not ten metres away. It was the girl from the Fiction Department, the girl with dark hair." Earlier, after the rocket bomb had fallen, he had risen, kicked the severed hand into the gutter and passed on. He thinks now: *"He could keep on her track till they were in some quiet place, and then smash her skull in with a cobblestone. The piece of glass in his pocket would be heavy enough for the job."* But a deadly lassitude takes hold of him.

Then for a short time, the process of life ceases to be intolerable. Julia's astonishing note, *"I love you"*, leads to an unexpected, emotional experience. Julia and Winston know their danger, the lunacy of their acts, the predestined horror. But for those brief months, they create their own world, and believe that even when caught, they will not betray one another since the Party "cannot get inside you." Feelings matter, and the human heart, with springs of affection and deep tenderness was impregnable. In May, they meet in the grassy clearing surrounded by young ash trees, and they meet again in the old disused belfry. They meet amid crowds, carrying on talk by instalments; once, Winston, seeing Julia lying still after a rocket bomb had fallen, forgetting all precautions finds himself kissing lips still warm. And so they make the room in the junk shop their secure hiding-place, almost a home. *"The room was a world, a pocket of the past where extinct animals could walk."*

The quality of their relationship, the private feelings of one human being for another, is given significance through the change in style. He goes to meet her: *"Winston picked his way up the lane through dappled light and shade, stepping out into pools of gold wherever the boughs parted. Under the trees to the left of him the ground was misty with bluebells. The air seemed to kiss one's skin. It was the second of May. From somewhere deeper in the heart of the wood came the droning of ring-doves."* And the dream becomes reality. And there is spontaneous song.

"They were standing in the shade of hazel bushes. The sunlight, filtering through innumerable leaves, was still hot on their faces. Winston looked out into the field beyond, and underwent a curious, slow shock of recognition. He knew it by sight. An old, close-bitten pasture, with a footpath wandering across it and a molehill here and there. In the ragged hedge on the opposite side the boughs of the elm trees swayed just perceptibly in the breeze, and their leaves stirred faintly in dense masses like women's hair. Surely somewhere nearby, but out of sight, there must be a stream with green pools where dace were swimming?

"Isn't there a stream somewhere near here?" he whispered.

"That's right, there is a stream. It's at the edge of the next field, actually. There are fish in it, great big ones. You can watch them lying in the pools under the willow trees, waving their tails."

"It's the Golden Country - almost," he murmured.
"The Golden Country?"
"It's nothing, really. A landscape I've seen sometimes in a dream."
"Look! whispered Julia.

A thrush had alighted on a bough not five metres away, almost at the level of their faces. Perhaps it had not seen them. It was in the sun, they in the shade. It spread out its wings, fitted them carefully into place again, ducked its head for a moment, as though making a sort of obeisance to the sun, and began to pour forth a torrent of song. In the afternoon hush the volume of sound was startling. Winston and Julia clung together, fascinated. The music went on and on, minute after minute, with astonishing variations, never once repeating itself, almost as though the bird were deliberately showing off its virtuosity. Sometimes it stopped for a few seconds, spread out and resettled its wings, then swelled its speckled breast and again burst into song. Winston watched it with a sort of vague reverence. For whom, for what, was that bird singing? No mate, no rival was watching it. What made it sit at the edge of the lonely wood and pour its music into nothingness? ... But by degrees the flood of music drove all speculations out of his mind. It was as though it were a kind of liquid stuff that poured all over him and got mixed up with the sunlight that filtered through the leaves. He stopped thinking and merely felt. The girl's waist in the bend of his arm was soft and warm. He pulled her round so that they were breast to breast; her body seemed to melt into his.

A vision of the glass paperweight mirrored in the surface of the gateleg table led Winston to suggesting that they rent the room. The paperweight becomes a symbol of the fragility, strength and beauty of human experience. *"Winston did not get up for a few minutes more. The room was darkening. He turned over towards the light and lay gazing into the glass paperweight. The inexhaustively interesting thing was not the fragment of coral but the interior of the glass itself.. There was such a depth of it, and yet it was almost as transparent as air. It was as though the surface of the glass had been the arch of the sky, enclosing a tiny world with its atmosphere complete. He had the feeling that he could get inside it, and that in fact he was inside it, along with the mahogany bed and the gateleg table, and the clock and the steel engraving and the paperweight itself. The paperweight was the room he was in, and the coral was Julia's life and his own, fixed in a sort of eternity at the heart of the crystal."*

In their last moments together they watch the prole woman, listen to her singing. Winston thinks: *"The solid, contourless body, like a block of granite, and the rasping red skin, bore the same relation to the body of a girl as the rose-hip to the rose."* As he thinks of her life, his vision widens: *"At the end of it she was still singing. The mystical reverence that he felt for her was somehow mixed up with the aspect of the pale, colourless sky, stretching away behind the chimney-pots into the interminable distance. It was curious to think that the sky was the same for everybody, in Eurasia or*

Eastasia as well as here. And the people under the sky were also very much the same - everywhere, all over the world, hundreds of thousands of millions of people just like this, people ignorant of one another's existence, held apart by walls of hatred and lies, and yet exactly the same - people who had never learned to think but who were storing up in their hearts and bellies and muscles the power that would one day overturn the world." Julia and Winston are free, autonomous in spirit. She no longer rejects his statement "We are the dead." (Is it because the novel is written with such energy and deep conviction that ironies are continually emerging? Dead - it was the extinct animal in that world, that was living, if only in spirit). It is precisely at this point that the nature of the fully-realised world of 1984 is evident. They are destroyed. There is no room for the individual, for what is human: only for the same face, for the unquestioning acceptance of Party doctrine. *"The room was full of solid men in black uniforms, with iron-shod boots on their feet and truncheons in their hands." ... "There was another crash. Someone had picked up the glass paperweight from the table and smashed it to pieces on the hearth-stone.*

"The fragment of coral, a tiny crinkle of pink like a sugar rosebud from a cake, rolled across the mat. How small, thought Winston, how small it always was!" Being in a minority, even a minority of one, did not make you mad.

His reading of *The Theory and Practice of Oligarchical Collectivism* had not told Winston anything he did not know; it had systematised the knowledge he possessed already. In the Ministry of Love he is to understand WHY human equality is averted, and history frozen. O'Brien, urbane, brutal, intelligent, ignorant, cynic and fanatic, re-educates Winston. *"We do not destroy the heretic because he resists us: so long as he resists us we never destroy him. We convert him, we capture his inner mind, we reshape him. We burn all evil and all illusion out of him; we bring him over to our side, not in appearance, but genuinely, heart and soul. We make him one of ourselves before we kill him. It is intolerable to us that an erroneous thought should exist anywhere in the world, however secret and powerless it may be. Even in the instant of death we cannot permit any deviation. In the old days the heretic walked to the stake still a heretic, proclaiming his heresy, exulting in it. Even the victim of the Russian purges could carry rebellion locked up in his skull as he walked down the passage waiting for the bullet. But we make the brain perfect before we blow it out."... "What happens to you here is for ever. Understand that in advance. We shall crush you down to the point from which there is no coming back. Things will happen to you from which you could not recover, if you lived a thousand years. Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling. Everything will be dead inside you. Never again will you be capable of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter, or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves."... "We are the priests of power... The first thing you must learn is that power is collective. The individual only has power in so far as he ceases to be an individual. ...But if he can make complete, utter submission, if he can escape from his identity, if he can merge himself in the Party so that he is the Party, then he is all-powerful and immortal. The second thing for you to realize is that power is power over human beings. Over the body - but, above all, over the mind. "And power is asserted over another by making him suffer. "Always, at every moment, there*

will be the thrill of victory, the sensation of trampling on an enemy who is helpless. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - for ever."

But Winston fights back. Life will defeat the Party. The Spirit of Man. *"You are the last man," said O'Brien. "You are the guardian of the human spirit."* He forces Winston to look at himself, rotting away, falling to pieces. But Winston had not betrayed Julia; he had not stopped loving her. He is allowed to recover slowly. He dreams again of the Golden Country,cries aloud, *"Julia! Julia! Julia, my love! Julia!"* O'Brien forces the betrayal of Julia. *"There were things, your own acts, from which you could not recover. Something was killed in your breast: burnt out, cauterized out."*

In the shell of the man that was Winston memory haunts, of a candlelit room, his mother, his baby sister, and laughter. *"For a whole afternoon they had been happy, as in his earlier childhood."* The effective echo of the old rhyme (a kind of dance - of life?) appears for the last time.

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed,
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head."

Orwell's novel is written with truth and passion; the fantasy world of totalitarian dictatorship fully realized, and, too, what Keats called the *"electric fire in human nature tending to purify - so that among these human creatures there is continually some birth of new heroism. The pity is that we must wonder at it."*

***

The treatment of *Nineteen Eighty-Four* will depend on particular classroom situations. Here are a few suggestions:

Introductory talk: Orwell - his life, his books, especially *Nineteen Eighty-Four.*

First impressions

A look at the structure of the novel, the range of the three parts. Close reading of the opening chapter - what it reveals of Winston's world; linguistic control by the writer.

The diary entries: why does Winston open the diary; what do the entries reflect? How has the Party affected the life of its members (especially Outer Party members)? Why would it be dangerous to be an expert in Newspeak? How long does Part One cover?

How many times do Julia and Winston meet? Where? How does Julia's attitude to the Party differ from his? Consider the quality of the relationship between Julia and Winston. Consider the use of the Golden Country, the old rhyme, the paperweight, the song of the thrush, the singing of the prole woman: how do these help to illuminate the purpose of the novel?

Read and compare parts of the descriptions of the Two Minutes Hate and the sixth day of Hate Week - consider effectiveness of writing for specific purpose. Discuss Goldstein's book. Consider the political divisions of the world of 1984, the power structure of society, the mechanics of government, control and manipulation of thought and feeling, forms of surveillance etc.....

Consider the steps in Winston's re-education. What is the answer to his WHY? Consider the inter-relationship of the political and human core of the novel. What has been achieved by using the novel form?

In addition:

A study of the Appendix *"The Principles of Newspeak* could lead to attempts to change passages in the novel to Newspeak: to discussion of aspects of language used by students, heard on media, read in magazines .....

Material, contemporary and past, could lead to discussion of forms of government, control of personal activities, censorship ....

Selection could be made and presented by small groups within the class.

****

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"It is the frequent response of readers who are making their first acquaintance with Jane Austen that her subject matter is itself so limited - limited to the manners of a small section of English country gentry who apparently never have been worried about death or sex, hunger or war, guilt or God - that it can offer no contiguity with modern interests
(Dorothy Van Ghent, The English Novel: Form and Function. 1953.)

".....Not only does she not concern herself with the whole range of the great passions - spiritual aspiration, or passionate love, or ambition, or greed, or patriotism; she ignores also all the public affairs that filled men's minds during her lifetime - the French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars, the vast social, political and economic changes which were being brought about by the advance of the industrial revolution."
(Elizabeth Drew, The Novel. 1963.)

"...Because her subject-matter is in a sense trivial - stated very superficially, it is always a young woman's finding a husband - it must not blind us to the fact that she is, with Dr Johnson, the most forthright moralist in English; and the authority which informs every sentence that Johnson wrote, that authority which comes, we feel, from vast experience of life, a massive common sense, and an integrity determined to face all the facts of life without seeking refuge in illusion, is hers too.
(Walter Allen, The English Novel. 1954.)

"How Jane Austen can write."
(E.M. Forster, Aspects of the Novel. 1927.)

In dealing with any Jane Austen novel in the classroom, the teacher must deal with the problem of the alleged limitations of range and triviality. I hope I could convey to my students not only E.M. Forster's delight in and admiration of Jane Austen's use of language, but also my belief in her relevance to the twentieth century reader.

If, as I am sure, one of the most valuable results of a study of literature is to help us to come to terms with our own experience, then literature "dealing with the whole range of the great passions" is necessary and readily available. But how many of us live our lives at constant fever pitch? Most of our lives are spent on "trivialities" - relating to others; men to women, parents to children, children to parents, neighbour to neighbour. And who better than Jane Austen to show us *"the beauty of truth and sincerity in all our dealings with each other"* (Emma) and the value of *"just consideration of others"* (Mansfield Park). This does not mean that the passions are unknown to Jane Austen's characters, but that they are controlled so that the social conventions are disrupted as little as possible. After she has received Captain Wentworth's second proposal of marriage, Anne Elliot feels obliged to control her *"overpowering happiness"*, and when she succeeds only partially is *"obliged to plead indisposition and excuse herself."* (Pages 240, 241)

In *Persuasion* Jane Austen concentrates all her interest on the coming together of Anne Elliot and Captain Wentworth. Everything and everyone else in the novel are important only so far as they impinge on this coming together. Mr Elliot and Mrs Clay are dispatched to London very perfunctorily, in contrast to the careful working out of the Henry Crawford-Maria Rushworth episode in *Mansfield Park;* the romance of Henrietta Musgrove and Charles Hayter is finalized on a country walk:

> *"The minutae of the business Anne could not attempt to understand; even Captain Wentworth did not seem admitted to perfect confidence here; but that there had been a withdrawing on the gentleman's side, and a relenting on the lady's, and that they were now very glad to be together again did not admit a doubt. Henrietta looked a little ashamed, but very well pleased; - Charles Hayter exceedingly happy, and they were devoted to each other almost from the first instant of their all setting forward for Uppercross." (p. 111);*

and Louisa Musgrove and Captain Benwick do not appear in person after her accident on the Cobb. Both Anne and Captain Wentworth hear of their engagement in letters: the one in Bath, the other in Shropshire. They have served their purpose.

Yet Jane Austen's treatment of all the characters is perfectly consistent. At Uppercross Anne is everyone's confidante and is well regarded by the Musgroves for her usefulness and good sense:

> *"Oh, Miss Anne, I cannot help wishing that Mrs Charles had a little of your method with those children. They are quite different creatures with you." (p. 71)"*
>
> *"We do so wish that Charles had married Anne instead." (p. 111),*

and when they meet later at Bath, Anne "had the kindest welcome" from Mrs Musgrove and Henrietta:

> *"Henrietta was exactly in that state of recently-improved views, of fresh-formed happiness, which made her full of regard and interest for everybody she had ever liked before at all; and Mrs Musgrove's real affection had been won by her usefulness when they were in distress." (p. 225)*

Mrs Clay is described at her first appearance as *"young, and certainly altogether well-looking, and possessed, in an acute mind and assiduous pleasing manners, infinitely more dangerous attractions than any merely personal might have been." (p. 62),* and at her dismissal as having *"abilities, however, as well as affections; and it is now a doubtful point whether his cunning, or hers, may finally carry the day; whether, after preventing her from being the wife of Sir Walter, he may not be wheedled and caressed at last into making her the wife of Sir William."* She still has hopes of becoming a baronet's lady.

In *Mansfield Park* Mary Crawford asks of Fanny Price, *"Is she out or is she not?"* and the same question might be asked about Anne Elliot, in several senses, at the beginning of *Persuasion.* Is she out in the society that birth

gives her entry to? Is she out of the shadow of her family? Is she out from the influence of Lady Russell? As the novel opens the answers to all these questions is "No", but circumstances force Anne Elliot "out": into society; to depend on her own judgement, making her face the world and changing her until she is a fit mate for Captain Wentworth. In the course of this "coming out", Anne, *"with an elegance of mind and sweetness of character"* but *"faded and thin" (p.37) "so altered"* that Captain Wentworth *"should not have known her" (p.85)*, changes until she is *"looking remarkably well"*, so well in fact that in a chance encounter, Mr Elliot *"admired her exceedingly" (p. 125)*, until Lady Russell believes her to be *"improved in plumpness and looks" (p. 139)*, until her father *"began to compliment her on her improved looks" (p. 153)* until an unnamed lady in Captain Wentworth's party says, *"She is pretty, I think; Anne Elliot; very pretty when one comes to look at her." (p. 187)*, until she is *"glowing and lovely in sensibility and happiness, and more generally admired that she thought or cared about". (p. 247)*. Anne's improved looks are used by Jane Austen as "the outward and visible sign" of an equal improvement in her mental and emotional confidence. From the Anne who could not bear to be in Kellynch Hall when Admiral and Mrs Croft come to inspect it (p. 60) to the Anne who, in her own gentle way, accosts Captain Wentworth at the concert in Bath, and decides on the evidence of his changed attitude to herself that *"He must love her". (p. 195)*.

In close study of *Persuasion*, the novel may for convenience be divided into three sections: Chapters 1-5, the Elliot or Kellynch section, Chapters 5-11, the Musgrove or Uppercross section, Chapters 11-24, the naval or Lyme Regis and Bath section. Of course these sections overlap, particularly in the last part where the Elliots, Musgroves and the naval group are all to meet in Bath, but the division is valid enough to make consideration of the novel easier.

Section 1 We are immediately in a deadening world, largely inhabited by vain, self-important, self-seeking people: Sir Walter Elliot, vain, snobbish, extravagant; his daughter, Elizabeth, equally vain, snobbish and extravagant; Mr Shepherd, his agent, and Mrs Clay. In this world Anne is *"nobody with either father or sister"*, she is *"only Anne", (p. 37)* and she is not included in *"their spring excursions to London" (p. 39)*. Jane Austen knew all about the "generation gap" long before that unfortunate expression was invented, and she was as likely to condemn the older generation as any 1970's teenager could wish. (Consider the lack of genuine communication between the Bennet girls and their parents, between General Tilney and his children, between Emma and her father, and between Sir Thomas and Lady Bertram and their children). Jane Austen's condemnation, however, is much less raucous and much more telling than anything the twentieth century has offered. The *"measured severity of the final summing up"* (D.W. Harding) of Sir Walter is a case in point: *"a foolish, spendthrift baronet, who had not had the principle or sense enough to maintain himself in the situation in which Providence had placed him"*. In this world the only person to appreciate Anne is her god-mother, Lady Russell, and she has her limitations, too, in a too great respect for social position. Anne must escape from this world and the opportunity comes when her father's debts make the letting of Kellynch Hall imperative. In the discussions about the

letting Jane Austen leads up to the account of Anne's broken romance with Captain Wentworth very gently - she shows herself to be very knowledgeable about Admiral Croft's career and his wife's relations - until in Chapter 4 we hear the full story. At this stage it is permissible to ask if Jane Austen has justified Anne's "persuadability" as a nineteen-year-old. Given her nature, the nature of her father and sister and Lady Russell's position as the only person other than Captain Wentworth to love Anne, I believe that she has.

Section II Chapter 5 is the link between the Elliot and Musgrove sections. Sir Walter, Elizabeth and Mrs Clay go to Bath without Anne, where *"nobody will want her". "Glad to be thought of some use" (p.61)* Anne goes to Uppercross to be with her younger sister Mary, a confirmed hypochondriac. This world is much more lively. As I have already indicated there is some appreciation of Anne. She is useful as a listener: to Mary, to Charles, to Mrs Musgrove, to Henrietta and Louisa; as a child minder (it is of interest how similar in many ways are the accident suffered by little Charles Musgrove and that of Louisa on the Cobb); as an accompanist for dancing. Anne is not deceived as to her position in the Musgrove world but she appreciates the warmth. In this world she meets Captain Wentworth again, and it is not a happy reunion.

Captain Wentworth is resentful. He has spent the years since their separation in activity, but he has not forgotten Anne Elliot. He acts like a man whose pride has been wounded, and he is not ready to forgive Anne. In the Musgrove girls he thinks he has found what Anne lacked. He has to learn that thoughtless high spirits are no substitute for real character.

Admiral and Mrs Croft also begin to play an important part in Anne's development here. In them she finds true friends, who appreciate her for herself. From them she learns what "a marriage of true minds" can mean. Admiral Croft becomes a surrogate father to her. His inability to distinguish one Miss Musgrove from the other is also clear proof that neither is worthy of Captain Wentworth.

During this section Anne and Captain Wentworth are constantly in the same group; they share an amused contempt for Mrs Musgrove's *"large fat sighings"* over her worthless son (p. 92); she plays while he dances (p. 96); he rescues her from the childish teasing of Walter Musgrove (p. 103); they are members of a large group on a country walk which causes Anne pain (p. 109); on the same walk he shows himself aware enough of Anne to notice her weariness and to make her ride home with Admiral and Mrs Croft; and they are thrown together on the excursion to Lyme. Throughout this section Captain Wentworth is being drawn closer to Anne.

Section III At Lyme Anne is out in the world. Here the naval influence is paramount. Anne meets the Harvilles and Captain Benwick. The Harvilles are another example of a happy marriage and Anne appreciates the feeling of "truth and sincerity" in their relationship. Captain Benwick as well as being a future husband for Louisa has the purpose of showing Captain Wentworth that a man may find something valuable in conversation with Anne Elliot. Mr Elliot makes his first appearance in the novel, at this stage to show Captain Wentworth that a man may find something physically attractive in Anne Elliot.

Louisa's accident is the climax of *Persuasion*. At the moment of its happening Captain Wentworth is convinced of Louisa's unsuitability as a wife, he turns to Anne for help and she does not disappoint him; every sensible suggestion before the Harvilles arrive is made by Anne. This part of the scene ends with his saying *"no one so proper, so capable as Anne" (p. 133).*

Between the Lyme and the Bath section Anne revisits Kellynch. This visit reinforces the emptiness of Sir Walter's rule there and the family feeling and comfort of the Croft's life. Who could imagine Sir Walter bothering about a smoking chimney or a laundry door (p. 142) or caring how Anne felt on returning to her home occupied by others?

Anne must now go to Bath which she dislikes *"arising from the circumstance of her having been three years at school there, after her mother's death, and, secondly, from her happening to be not in perfectly good spirits the only winter she had afterwards spent there" (p 45)* after her romance?

In Bath Anne is forced back into her family background and it has not changed. Sir Walter and Elizabeth are still as full of their own importance and now angling for the recognition of their cousins Lady Dalrymple and Miss Carteret, encouraged by Mr Elliot, who has been readmitted to their circle, and Lady Russell. Anne deprecates this encouragement but does not blame either Lady Russell or Mr Elliot. (If I am not mistaken then Jane Austen is making a sly comment on their snobbery in making them angle for the notice of a widow of an Irish peer whose husband would not have had a seat in the House of Lords.)

Anne is also under pressure from Lady Russell to accept the proposal that is going to be made by Mr Elliot. Is Anne tempted? *"For a few moments her imagination and her heart were bewitched. The idea of becoming what her mother had been; of having the precious name of 'Lady Elliot' first revived in herself; of being restored to Kellynch, calling it her home again, her home for ever, was a charm which she could not immediately resist." (p 172).* But not for long. Mr Elliot is measured against Anne's moral requirements and found wanting. And there is another thought to be considered: What had her mother been? *"Not the very happiest being in the world herself." (p 36)* Anne Elliot deserves better than this.

The danger soon passes, as first the Crofts, bearing tidings of Louisa's engagement to Captain Benwick, Captain Wentworth and the Musgroves arrive, and Anne finds herself increasingly in congenial and appreciative company. All the characters are now gathered in one place and the resolution is near; Mr Elliot has to be unmasked, and Jane Austen "Aware that the rules of composition forbid the introduction of a character not connected with my fable" *(Northanger Abbey)* introduces Mrs Smith to do this. The final three chapters of *Persuasion* are of particular interest, in that students by studying the cancelled chapter 22 in comparison to chapters 22 and 23 as they now stand may study the novelist at work and appreciate the immense improvement of the dénouement as they now stand. The revision allows the Musgroves and Captain Harville to arrive in Bath and makes Captain Wentworth's second proposal more artistically right. It also gives Jane Austen a chance to write some of the most amusing scenes in

the novel. Who could fail to appreciate the irony of Charles Musgrove's declaration that he is not *"so illiberal as to want every man to have the same pleasures as myself"*, and in the same breath almost declaring that his appreciation of Captain Benwick is based on the latter's abilities at "rat-hunting" (p 224)? Or the "struggle between propriety and vanity" in the mind of Elizabeth Elliot? (p 224) Or the economy of language with which Jane Austen shows how "vanity got the better" of the struggle. (The elliptical way in which Jane Austen shows Elizabeth's thoughts is almost a duplicate of the manner in which she creates Mrs Elton's conversation at the strawberry picking at Donwell in *Emma*). Or the feeling of "happiness and warmth" in the Musgrove group at the White Hart? Or the precision with which Jane Austen condemns Elizabeth's "small, but most elegant" (p 225) party? *"It was but a card-party, it was but a mixture of those who had never met before, and those who met too often - a common-place business, too numerous for intimacy, too small for variety"? (p 247)*

Finally one should consider the success of Jane Austen in creating her heroine and hero. Of Anne Elliot, Jane Austen wrote that "she is almost too good for me". She lackes the wit of Elizabeth Bennet, the brilliance of Emma, the youthful trust of Catherine Morland; she has more in common with the sense of Elinor Dashwood and the rightness of Fanny Price, but I think that she has the qualities of humanity that are lacking in these heroines. She is human enough to be delighted when she thinks that Captain Wentworth is jealous of Mr Elliot (p 199), when she is engrossed in her own emotions she does not see what is going on between Mr Elliot and Mrs Clay (and I think Jane Austen gives enough hints), but she does see the faults in those close to her and knowing the faults she accepts them for what they are. To me her most endearing feature is her sense of humour, a sense of humour that is without bitterness. She is amused by the Croft's style of driving (p 114), she is*"amused at the idea of her coming to Lyme, to preach patience to a young man whom she had never seen before" (p 122)* -she can laugh at herself, she is *"amused in spite of herself"* at Admiral Croft's view of her father (p 143), *"The idea of Louisa Musgrove turned into a person of literary taste, and sentimental reflection, was amusing .." (p 178)*, and she is amused when Captain Wentworth assures her *"that to my eye you could never alter" (p 245)*.

Captain Wentworth develops as one of Jane Austen's most attractive heroes, vigorous, contemptuous of foolishness or pride, yet making mistakes in judgement himself. He learns with Anne Eliiot and each is a better mate for the other than they would have been eight years earlier.

On the common criticism of *Persuasion*, that it is "unfinished", and that further revision would have taken place had Jane Austen lived, Yasmin Cooneratne's summing up is answer enough.

> *There is enough in* Persuasion *as it stands, without any need for speculation or interpretation, to indicate that its author has subordinated every earlier interest, notably her talent for satire and her inclination towards didacticism, to a new artistic problem, the psychological exploration of character."*

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